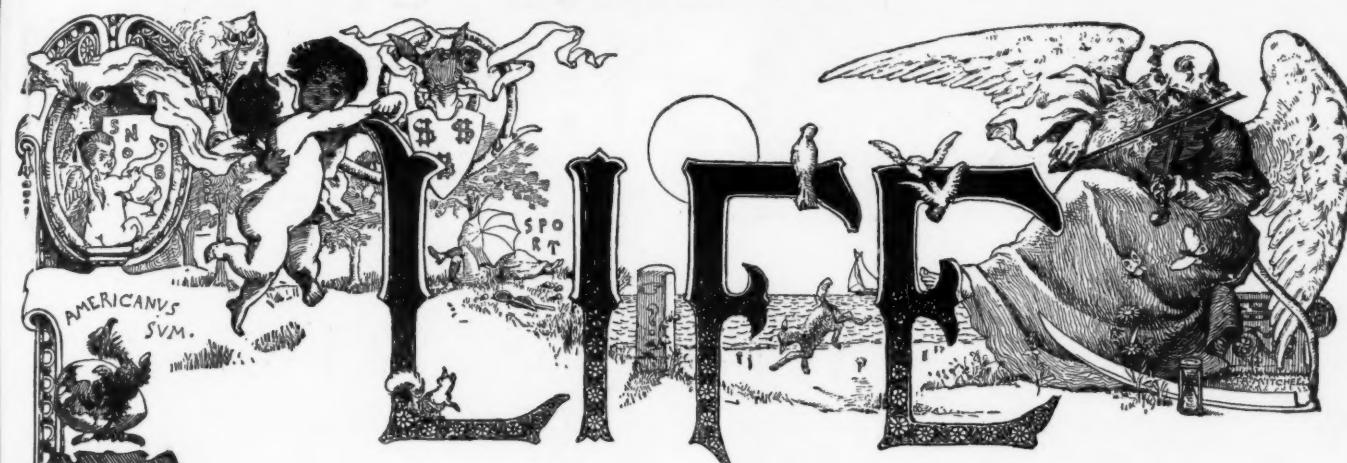


VOLUME XXI.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1893.

NUMBER 545.

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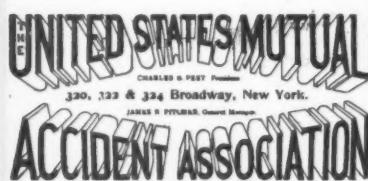


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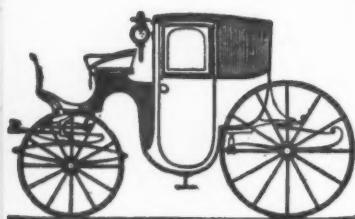
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VOLUME XXI.

# LIFE.

NUMBER 545.



## A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

"THAT'S A CURIOUS THING YOUR LITTLE BROTHER IS WAVING ABOUT ON A STICK, MISS CLARA."

"THAT'S A COAT TAIL."

"A COAT TAIL! TO WHOM, PRAY, DOES IT BELONG?"

"TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO CALLED HERE LAST."

## A FABLE FOR FATHERS.

HE was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of dudedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office and then blurted out: "Young man, you look like an idiot."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.



A WASH DRAWING.

"Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father."

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy.

And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.

Ernest P. Neville.

**A**N unpopular Presbyterian  
him.—Professor Briggs.



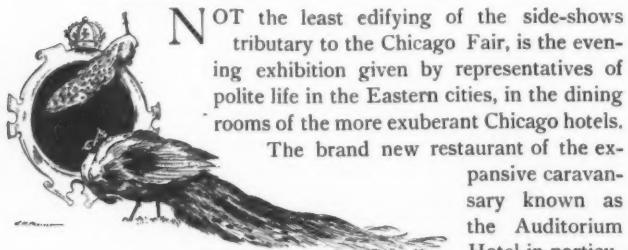
"NO HARD FEELING."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXI. JUNE 8, 1893. No. 545.  
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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NOT the least edifying of the side-shows tributary to the Chicago Fair, is the evening exhibition given by representatives of polite life in the Eastern cities, in the dining rooms of the more exuberant Chicago hotels. The brand new restaurant of the expansive caravansary known as the Auditorium Hotel in particular, presents just now, between seven and ten in the evening, a show of best people in their best clothes, which is more interesting to the social philosopher than even the hatted Soudanese or the half clad Dahomeyans. The opportunity there offered to contrast the delegates of New York's four hundred with representatives of Boston culture or Philadelphia propriety is not one that happens every day and is well worth the price of admission.

\* \* \*

THE New York swells especially are about the best advertised lot of people in the United States, and the chance to observe how they look and what they wear and what they eat and drink is one that the normal American will do well to improve. This exhibition will probably continue for another month at least, and forms another inducement to go early to the Fair before the inevitable heat and the anticipated rush have changed the character of the attendance.

\* \* \*

ONE great work of the Fair will be to get a considerable part of the American population into something more nearly approaching a condition of athletic training than it has ever reached before. No self-respecting person hires a roller chair until exhaustion is imminent, and six or seven days of diligent sight-seeing develops unlooked for abilities to walk twenty miles a day, not, indeed, without fatigue, but without an actual collapse. The doctors may have a different story to tell, but if there is as much virtue in exercise as it is the fashion to believe, the Fair will leave the American people in better condition to thrash all creation than they have been since the war.



At this writing the Sunday opening question seems to be settled in the affirmative. If any good people are sorry, they should make it a point before they settle down to a final verdict in the matter, to spend two Sundays in Chicago. Certainly a Chicago Sunday with the Fair closed is enough to convince any reasonable being that it ought to be open, and probably a Sunday with the Fair open will be equally conducive to the conviction that of all the places of resort that Chicago offers to its idle multitude on that day, by far the least objectionable is Jackson Park.

\* \* \*

PEOPLE who, having been to Chicago and seen what the situation really is, can still wish the Fair to be closed on Sunday, may fairly be expected to find fault because the sun shines on Sunday.

\* \* \*

YALE undergraduates are anxious that Captain Murphy, of last year's ball nine, shall return to the bat and help win games. One of the reasons given in the newspapers for Captain Murphy's retirement is that he was left out of the senior societies on account of his nationality. If it is distinctly a part of the Yale athletic system that the captain of the ball nine shall be taken into one of the senior societies, Captain Murphy seems reasonably entitled to go on a strike, but the notion that his nationality is the reason of his exclusion is one fit to make a Yale man smile.

\* \* \*



FARNHAM POST, late of the G. A. R., being debarred from flocking any longer with the other Grand Army Posts, will flock by itself hereafter as the Farnham Independent Veterans, No. 1. The

Farnham Veterans can much better afford to be thrown out of the Grand Army than the Grand Army to let them go. Their sentiments on the pension

question are the sentiments of honest people generally, who believe in an honest pension system, albeit a very liberal one. LIFE believes in the integrity of the great mass of the Grand Army veterans; but its confidence will be greatly strengthened when the G. A. R. invites the Farnham Veterans to come back into the fold. But even if it shouldn't, LIFE wouldn't be sorry for them.

\* \* \*

GO early to the Fair. It is a good show; the weather is still cool, and there are no microbes in anything yet. But go early, chiefly that you may enjoy all the summer long the luxury of relief that comes from the consciousness of high purpose achieved and duty done. It is edifying and even pleasant at Chicago, but the trip would be worth taking if only for the joy of getting back to earth.



THE AMERICAN COMEDY.

"IRISH OR WHAT."

WHY, Irish of course.  
I'm not so sure.

The name's enough ; and look at him !

Of Irish descent, I admit.

But not an Irishman ?

Why not an American ?

"American " doesn't describe him.

Not very definitely ; but " Irishman " doesn't describe him either. He's not an Irishman.

Well, his father was !

His father was an American voter for thirty years.

He *is* Irish anyhow. His race is Irish ; his religion's Irish ; so are his sympathies ; so is his temper. He votes Irish too.

Oh, well ; then he'll be going back home again presently, when his pile gets big enough and Ireland gets Home Rule.

No such good-luck.

Not go home !

Not to stay. Catch him !

Oh, but he likes the country then ?

He knows when he's well off.



## 'NUF SED.

"WHO SAID SO?"

"HE SAID SO!"

"WELL, IF HE SAID WOT YOU SAID HE SAID, YOU TELL HIM THAT I SAID he SAID WOT WUZZEN'T SAID AT ALL!"

And means to stick to it?

Like wax.

And his children after him!

Undoubtedly.

And he has a stake in it?

As big a one as he can get.

And wants to see the country prosper?

Particularly if he can assess its city taxes.

Which is to say that he appreciates his privileges as a voting citizen.

Oh, is it!

Make a test; as between Ireland and the United States, which is he for?

Ireland!

He has never seen Ireland. Ireland isn't even a memory to him. It's a tradition. All he is, and has, and hopes, is American. Yet you think of him as an Irishman!

But his name is Irish. His features—some of them—are Irish.

But his ideas, his point of view, the man himself—are American. Where his treasure has come to be, there his heart has taken root. He has but one country and that is this one.

**BUNKER:** Have you really decided to go to Europe next year?

**HILL:** I am if I can raise enough money to buy an engagement ring.

## BOSTON NURSERY RHYMES.

[Selections from a revised edition of Mother Goose, shortly to be issued for the use of the rising generation of the Hub.]

## DING DONG BELL.

**T**HE bell tolls forth with mournful note; what dismal news is this?

Our cherished feline pet is in the well's profound abyss. What miscreant abandoned her to such a shocking fate? 'Twas little Master Thomas Green, I much regret to state. May the severest penalties descend upon his head, Who would so wantonly maltreat a harmless quadruped.

## MASTER JOHN HORNER, JR.

In a secluded corner Master Horner sought protection, Devouring with avidity a Christmastide confection; In which with much dexterity his digit then inserting He drew a raisin forth, and cried, "Great Ibsen, how diverting! However insignificant my physical dimensions, In moral excellence I am a youth of high pretensions!"

## AN ANCIENT IDYL.

Sing forth oh, ho ! with merry din,  
The feline and the violin !

The cow that with transcendent flight  
O'erleaped earth's lunar satellite ;  
Nor could the dog, such mirth to see,  
Restrain his risibility.

Fled dish and spoon together, bent  
On matrimonial intent.

## MISS BOEEP.

Her fleecy charges' culpably fugacious inclination  
Has left diminutive Boeep in utter desolation,  
Unable to conjecture their approximate location.  
But wherefore, oh misguided maid, this mental perturbation ?  
If left alone, they soon will seek their wonted destination,  
And bring each caudal member duly pendent in its station.

**FREDDIE:** Ma, didn't  
the missionary say that  
the savages didn't wear any  
clothes?

**MOTHER:** Yes, my boy.

"Then why did pa put a  
button in the missionary  
box?"

**JINKS:** Why don't you  
give Waite a piece of  
your mind?

**FILKINS:** I'm not around  
capitalizing idiots!

**N**ECESSARIES OF  
LIFE—Pen, ink, pencil,  
paper and brains.

**A SALLY OF GENIUS—**  
Sara Bernhardt.



A HOTEL CHICKEN.



## LITERATURE AND ANALYTICS.

M R. WILLIAM RENTON'S "Outlines of English Literature" (Scribner) is a University Extension Manual, and in reading it one has a difficulty in understanding just what sort of a person the author imagines the average University Extension student to be. The title-page says "With Diagrams." If we were a practical draughtsman and had space at command, we would like to give examples of this graphical method applied to literary history. There is, for instance, a General Diagram on page 6: a series of circular plates—pie-plates, they seem at first sight, the little wooden pie-plates that one gets at the bakery—and each plate contains one or more wedge-shaped pieces of pie. But, on closer examination, these prove to be eight successive ages of English literature, and the sections of pie remaining on them represent Poesy, Science, Novel, Drama, etc. There are other emblems which resemble charts, with shaded portions marked "Allegorical," "Ethical," etc., and the names of authors pursued by arrows, such as those which indicate ocean currents in the geographies. Sometimes the authors radiate from a central point, like the fragments of an explod-

ing bomb. Sometimes they occupy globes in company with Art, Criticism, Wit, and other entities, as in a map of the planetary system; while Will, Soul, Sense and Spirit revolve about Nature in a circular orbit, whose circumference is inscribed with Browning, Swinburne, Tennyson and Roden Noel! The relations of Pastoral, Essay and Drama are indicated by a mystic triangle in which Marlow, Llyl and Sidney usurp the angles; Shakspere, Bacon and Spenser run along the sides; and Jonson, as the most central writer of his age, is curled up in the middle, in the shape of an inch-worm. The Romantic Drama is a bit of solid geometry, a cube with intersecting planes, variously lettered, and a foundation of dotted lines for the miracles and mummuries. The graphical expression of Chaucer is a rosette, with leaves that mean Realism, Humor, Tenderness, Ideality, Earnestness and Manliness, arranged in symbolic order, so that complementary qualities shall stand opposite each other. Then there are columns, and slabs and things that look like slates and things that look like windmills.

American literature is four silver dollars overlapping each other and inscribed Humor, Idealism, Puritanism and Realism, as represented respectively by Leland, Hawthorne, Edwards and Prescott. These are out in the cold, beyond any lines of intersection: but there is a snug little lozenge at the very middle point of the diagram, where Lowell sleeps warm under a four-fold blanket woven of cross-lines.

Mr. Renton is on to the curve of our own literary period, which he calls "the Sympathetic Age." It is pleasant to know that this curve is "a cycloid, tending at the present moment to the Dramatic." But geometry is not enough for him, nor to range authors in isopathic lines. Like Mercutio, he fights by the book of arithmetic, or even of algebra. Ruskin's philosophy, it seems, is expressed by the equation,

Wealth = Quantity  $\times$  Quality of what gives life, while Shakspere's quality "consists in the spontaneity and pregnancy of suggestion, combined with variety and harmony of treatment, or  $(s + p) S + (v + h) T$ ." We are going to express our view of this method of literary criticism by the following algebraic symbol, but torture shall not draw from us the secret of its meaning:  $(g + u) Ff + (r + o) T$ .

Henry A. Beers.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Monsieur Nesson and Others.* By Grace Howard Pierce. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.  
*McD's Unauthorized History of Columbus.* By Walt. McDougall. Newark: McDougall Publishing Company.  
*A Washington Symphony.* By Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
*A Literary Courtship.* By Anna Fuller. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
*Confessions of a Convict.* By Julian Hawthorne. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartranft.  
*The Century Magazine.* Volume XLV., Nov., 1892-April, 1893. New York: The Century Company.  
*Mr. Tommy Dore and Other Stories.* By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
*Stories of New York.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
*Women of the Valois Court.* By Imbert de Saint-Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
*Marked "Personal."* By Anna Katharine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



A JOLLY HONEYMOON.

*She:* THIS HORRID ARTICLE IMPLIES THAT YOU MARRIED ME FOR MONEY.  
*He:* WELL, DON'T CONTRADICT IT, I DON'T CARE TO BE TAKEN FOR A FOOL.

• LIFE •



AT THE FAIR.  
THE EUROPEAN IDEA OF

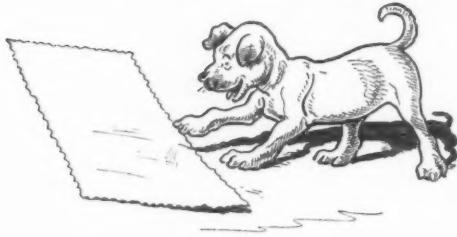
LIFE .



THE FAIR.

ROPEAN IDEA OF IT.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH A COLUMBIAN  
POSTAGE STAMP.



THE "BOSTONIANS'" LATEST.

"ROBIN HOOD," although it proved a gold mine to the "Bostonians," is also rather a serious handicap to that admirable organization. The public is bound to use it as a standard for anything else they may produce, and it was so thoroughly pleasing both in matter and performance that any new effort is sure to suffer by contrast. This is certainly true of "The Knickerbockers." The music of Mr. De Koven's latest production is pleasing, but on first hearing seems hardly as original or interesting as that of "Robin Hood." Individual numbers are attractive, but as a whole the musical part of the work seems to lack continuity.

The action is laid in the time when New York was New Amsterdam, and that picturesque era should have furnished the librettist with inspiration and material for a very good book indeed, but Mr. Smith seems to have missed his opportunity entirely. The humor consists mainly of bad puns, and the plot is decidedly thin in some spots and opaque in others.

But even with far worse material than "The Knickerbockers" to work with, the "Bostonians" would give a musicianly and interesting performance. Such artists as Mmes. Davis and D'Arville and Messrs. Macdonald, Barnabee, Hoff and Cowles are bound to do well anything they undertake, and they make of "The Knickerbockers" a comparative success, while in other hands it would very likely have been a pronounced failure. The piece is handsomely mounted, and with a little life and action injected into the book may find a permanent place in the "Bostonians'" repertoire.

\* \* \*

THE black-balling of Lotta, the actress, by the ladies of Sorosis may prove a boomerang for that organization. There is a lingering suspicion that Sorosis to-day represents the side-curl and woman's-rights era of female emancipation rather than the ideas which go with woman's more recent and present position in the world of affairs. The Professional Woman's League, a compara-



Ch.P.



"JIM SAYS OUR MARRIAGE WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN."  
 "IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN!"  
 "BECAUSE WE ARE GOING TO LIVE IN BROOKLYN."

tively new organization, seems to represent more truly the women who to-day are prominent among women. The presence of Lotta at a recent largely attended meeting of the League was made the occasion for a rather hysterical but none the less pronounced demonstration in her favor. This was a pretty direct slap at the older society, and the publicity given to both incidents places Sorosis very much in the position of the under dog.

*Metcalf.*



SOMETHING THAT EVEN AN EDITOR  
 WILL NOT RETURN.

---

ANXIOUS TO RECOVER.

WILLIS: You've been sick, eh? Why did you call in Dr. Jones instead of Dr. Brown?

WALLACE: Well, you see, Willis, I owe Dr. Jones and Dr. Brown owes me.

---

NOTWITHSTANDING  
 the prejudice against  
 horse meat, colt stakes are popular  
 at the race tracks.

---



"SPECS ON THE SON."

## THEN AND NOW.

A PRINCE espoused a beggar maid  
 In days when princes were supreme,  
 For which his fame will never fade,  
 His love is every poet's theme.  
 Yet we should cease the deed to praise,  
 For things have altered strangely since,  
 This is the version now-a-days—  
 "A maiden weds a beggar prince."

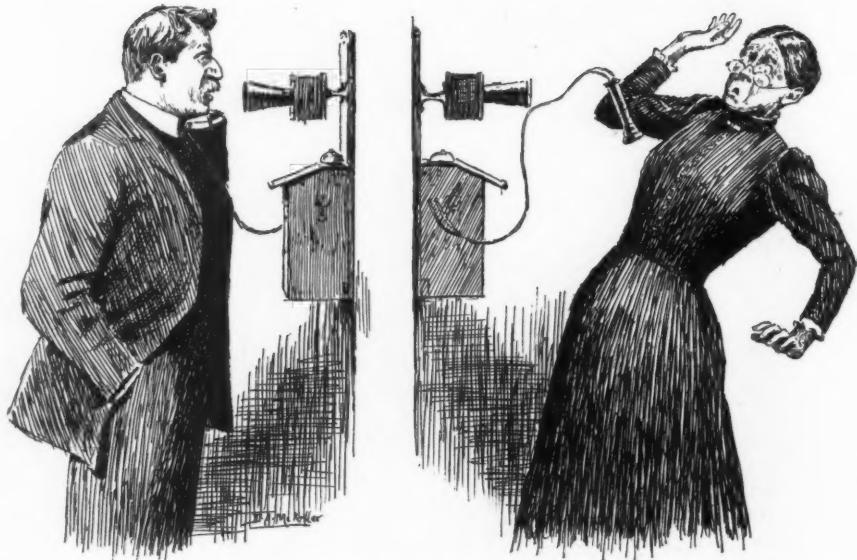
P. McArthur.

## A GREAT LOVE.

DASHAWAY: And is there no hope?

MISS SUMMIT: I am sorry to say it, Mr. Dashaway, but there is none.

DASHAWAY: Maude, you do not know what you say. I am no ordinary man. Love to me is not a passing fancy, the idle amusement of a summer hour. Beside this great undying passion of mine what is death? Nothing, I say, absolutely nothing. You cannot know what it means for a man like me to love. It came to me not suddenly, but slowly, until it filled every crevice of my being, and now this great



## WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE WIRES GOT CROSSED.

Jenkins: HELLO, IS THAT SNIPKIT, THE TAILOR'S?

(Hears a voice say "Yes.")

"WELL, THIS IS JENKINS. SAY! WHY IN THE DEVIL DON'T YOU SEND DOWN THOSE TROUSERS OF MINE? ARE YOU WEARING THEM YOURSELF?"

## THE PERILS OF FRONTIER LIFE.



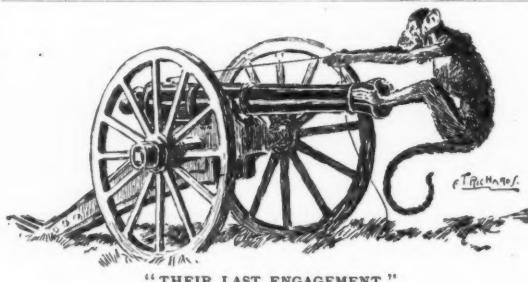
"BEAR?"

"NOPE. WIFE."

passionate yearning for you must have its answer. I will win you yet. I will be patient. You do not know me. Maude, I am a desperate man. I can wait. I do not ask you to love me yet.

MISS SUMMIT: Mr. Dashaway—George—I am so sorry, I know it must be just awful for you, but what can I say? Don't you know that my heart belongs already to another?

DASHAWAY: To another! (Burying his face in his hands): I did not dream of this. Then, indeed, there is no hope. But (proudly) do not think that I will kill myself. No! I am far too much of a man for that. I shall go to Africa. I will yet show the world that I am not a coward. I will plunge into jungles, I will court deadly disease, for death now is robbed of all its terrors for me. But one thing you cannot deprive me of. No one can take from me the memory of my love for you that



"THEIR LAST ENGAGEMENT."

will ever remain. Its chastening influence shall ever surround me. You may never see me again. Think of me sometimes as one who loved you, not wisely but too well. I go. Farewell. (*Rushes madly out*).

## THE NEXT DAY AT THE CLUB.

CLEVERTON: I see Von Blumer's engagement is announced.

DASHAWAY: To whom?

CLEVERTON: Maude Summitt.

DASHAWAY: That girl! Well she's a nice little thing. I used to be in love with her myself.

*Tom Masson.*

## AFTER HERRICK.

*To Daphne.*

DAPHNE in her village cart,  
Looking so benign,  
Doth remind me of the sweet  
Morning-glory vine.

For this lovely maiden, it  
Strikes an humble man,  
Doth delight in running o'-  
Ver everything she can.

*To Chloe.*

Chloe, as you burst upon  
The dancing room last night,  
You were just entrancing in  
Your little gown of white;

And had I never seen you in  
Your dress of blue and brown,  
I'd ne'er have known your beauty  
lay  
All in that snow-white gown.

*Peggy Pattison.*

## A SUGGESTION.

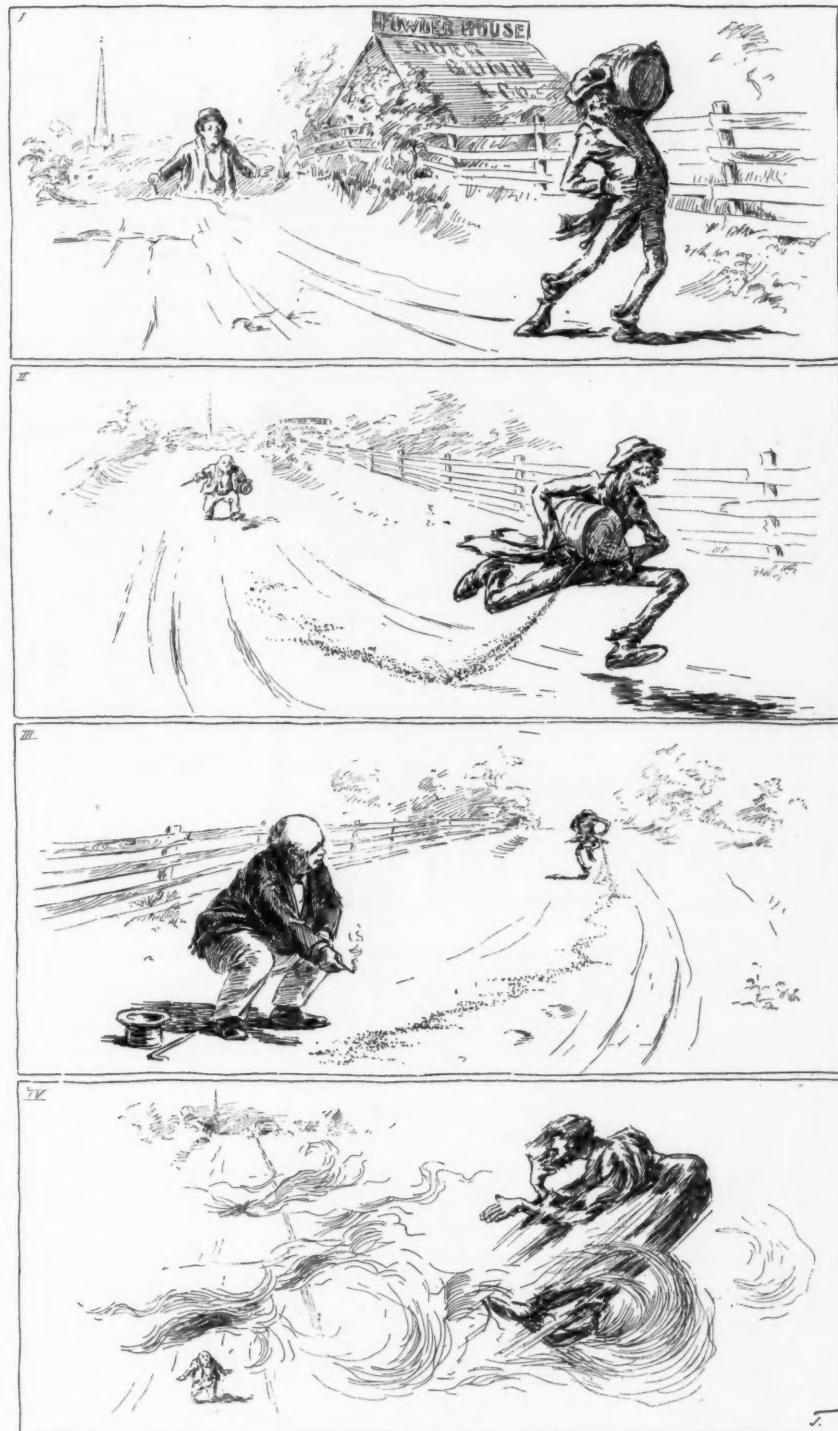
M R. JONES: I assure you, Miss Ethel, it was a terrible storm. Every moment I was expecting the lightning to strike the tree I was under.

MISS ETHEL: Then why didn't you get under some other tree?

"WHY do you call your new cook Misery?"

"Because she loves company."

## HOW AN ENTERPRISING TRAMP ROSE IN THE WORLD.



# LIFE



GEORGE BUTLER, Canon of Winchester Cathedral, was the son of Doctor Butler, ad-master of Harrow. The boy grew up to be a dignified and serious man, a power in philanthropy and the church, but that he had a demure sense of humor is shown by one anecdote of his earliest years. Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee-breeches and cloth gaiters, and with his powdered hair was a figure calculated to move any schoolboy to admiration and awe. One morning, little George watched him as he set out for school, and observed that his father wore only one gaiter. When Doctor Butler returned said to the lad:

"We were here, George, when I went away this morning. Didn't you see that I'd only one gaiter?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," answered George innocently, "I thought it would amuse the boys!"—*Argonaut*.

THE first Italian music master who went to Edinburgh one day was passing the Throne as the service was drawing to a close. The lonely Italian drew near the door, and was startled. He said to the beadle:

"What is that horrible noise I hear?"

The beadle, much scandalized, answered: "That's the people praising God."

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*Athenaeum*.

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The sad foreigner rejoined: "Then their God must have no ear for music," and sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked away.—*Argonaut*.

SCENE, a gambling saloon. A game of ecarte has just been played. The two players got up, and one of them stepped up close to the other:

"Sir!"

"What do you want?"

"I saw you cheat just now."

"Sir!"

"I am sure of it."

"You mean to ruin me."

"Quite the contrary; I want you to take me into partnership."—*Journal pour Rire*.

A RECENT sudden death necessitated the breaking up of a well-known establishment in London, and the eldest married daughter of the house, in spite of her grief, was worldly-wise enough to remember at the funeral that her father had a treasure of a cook which it would be well to secure. After the funeral, therefore, she sent for the *chef*, who, with many regrets over his inability to oblige madam, informed her that her younger sister had engaged him immediately after the death of "ce cher et bon monsieur, son père."—*Argonaut*.

"Did you ever get back the umbrella that you lent Brasher?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I borrowed it again."

"From Brasher?"

"No; from the man he lent it to."—*Washington Star*.

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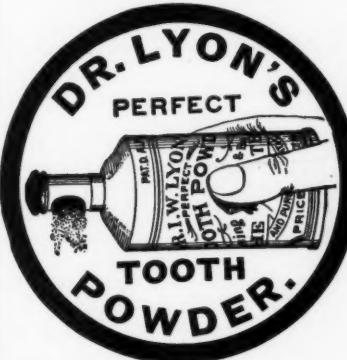


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A FRIEND was visiting Mr. Oscar Wilde one day recently, and found him hard at work "cutting" superfluous dialogue from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a moment or two; "what right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?" —*Argonaut*.

ART STUDENT: Bust of Marcus Aurelius.

NOUVEAU RICHE: The present marquis or the late one? —*Queen*.

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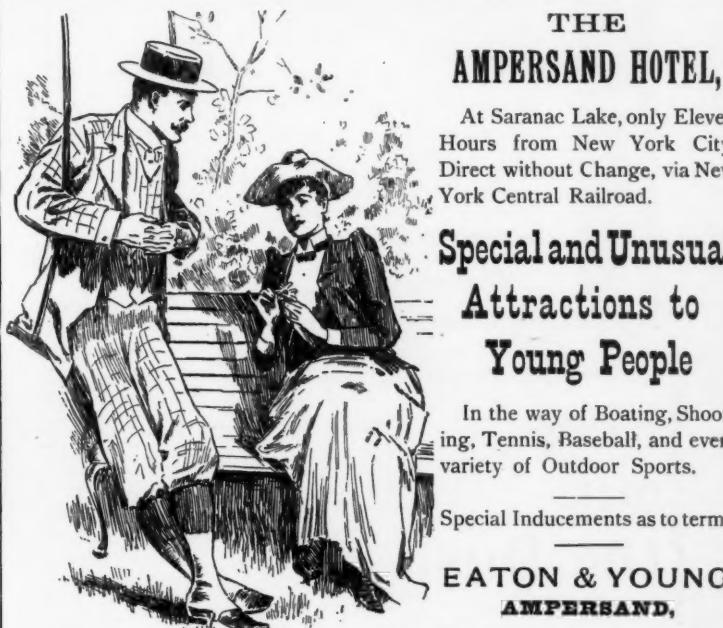
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"LET me alone," said Kate; "see if I don't make some man give me a seat?" Selecting a meek-looking gentleman with the married air about him, she walked up briskly and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Smith, I'm glad to see you. What's that? Take your seat? Oh, no—well, I am tired, I won't deny."

Meek-looking gentleman (*with a twinkle in his eye*): Ah, it is you, Mary, is it? Did not suppose your mistress could spare you on washing day. You must be tired. Sit down.

Kate got the seat, but somehow she feels that the meek-looking gentleman is not beaten at all points.—*Boston Transcript*.

"THAT'S a fine, solid baby of yours, Newpaw," said a friend who was admiring the first baby.

"Do you think he's solid?" asked Newpaw, rather disconsolately. "It seems to me as if it was all hollow."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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SEEDY INDIVIDUAL (*suggestively*): Yes, but I have no cigar.

DRUMMER: Then you wont need the match.—*Yankee Blade*.

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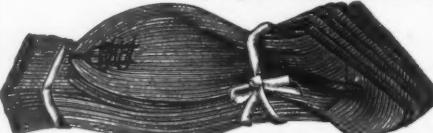
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